Volume VI Chicago, Ill., August, 1929 Number 5

The Liberal

Summer Singer

(Suggested by Montaigne's Summer")

Summer, and songs of the bumblebee,
Who buzzes his way from flower to tree,
The world held back because he stings,
Yet without friends, how he sings and sings!

Out in the garden I hear his song—
A soft, quiet buzzing all day long,
The friend of flowers, what cheer he brings,
Lonely his lot, still he sings and sings.

Sarah Wilson Middleton.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

CHICAGO

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Application made for Entry as Second Class Mail at the Post Office of Chicago, Ill.

Volume VI Chicago, Ill., August, 1929 Number 5

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR ALL RADIO LISTENERS OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The Peoples Church of Chicago is the second church west of Pittsburgh in the number of years it has been broadcasting. Central Church, Chicago was the first Chicago Church to broadcast regularly. Our church was the second church to go on the air every Sunday, that was six years ago. During all this time we have broadcast on the same wave length and it is the common opinion of those who know broadcasting that we have built up one of the largest radio audiences in America. During this time our church has not missed one Sunday of broadcasting and with the exception of one Sunday I have had the honor and responsibility of preaching the sermons.

Ever since WMAQ took over WQJ we have been on the former station. WMAQ is owned and operated by the Chicago Daily News and some weeks ago was made the official station of the University of Chicago. The University holds Sunday morning services in the University Chapel and quite naturally will broadcast them during the period of affiliation with WMAQ. We have enjoyed our relationship with WMAQ and reluctantly bid "Good by" to the station. Everything seems to work out for the best for we have been able to secure a contract with one of the strongest stations in America. Beginning Sunday morning September 15th (our opening Sunday) at 10:45 the church will go on the air over station WCFL (309.1—970). This station is owned and operated by the Chicago Federation of Labor. I am making this preliminary announcement is order that our radio listeners might tune in on WCFL during daylight broadcasting and become familiar with the station, thereby facilitating their getting the church when we open our services. We will be on the air every Sunday from 10:45 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. I am aware that it will take sometime for the thousands of our radio audience to discover the change but both stations will co-operate in spreading the information. Will all of the listeners who read this announcement kindly spread the news as widely as possible? Our new station is enthusiastic about securing our broadcast and will give us every advantage in presenting a perfect broadcast mechanically. Remember Sunday morning Sept. 15th at 10:45 over station WCFL you will hear again the opening of our organ recital by Mr. Flandorf and at 11:00 o'clock sharp the familiar strains of our processional will greet you. I look forward to this the seventh year by broadcasting as the most successful I have ever known. Will you kindly cooperate in making it so? The Peoples Church of Chicago has a distinct message for the life of today and I am gratified that we are to continue on the air with such a powerful and friendly station as WCFL.

—Preston Bradley.

LIBERAL RELIGION IN THE ARROWHEAD COUNTRY

In that section of the Arrowhead in which I spend the summers there are a great many Scandinavians, they are a hardy. industrious, honest, group of people and I have many dear friends among them. Denominationally they are mostly Lutherans yet I have found among them many who have left the church and are liberal in their theology. I have Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Polish, Czechoslovakian and Russian friends here in the north country near the Canadian Boundary and on the fringe the Superior National Forest.

In this particular part of Minnesota the most pronounced activity along liberal religious lines is among the Fnnish people. The reason for this is largely because some years ago Rev. Lappala and his most remarkable wife, Rev. Milma Lappala, came here and began a liberal religious movement. Rev. Lappala was a very interesting and unusual man. I knew him well and saw much of him during the summer months. He was esteemed and deeply loved by his people.

He was the one to whom they came with every difficulty and from whom they sought advice about every problem. He had a very excellent familiarily with the English language and was an adviser to his people on all matters pertaining to their relationships with this country, its laws and customs. He died sometime ago leaving a wife and four lovely children. The oldest, Aristo, is a student in the University of Wisconsin, whilt one of the daughters returned to Finland this summer to spend two years in a Finnish University.

Rev. Milma Loppala is heroically going forward with the work among her people and is held in high regard by all who know her. The work is carried on under Unitarian auspices and is partially sustained by the American Unitarian Association. Services are held every Sunday during the winter in a very comfortable and attractive church in Virginia, Minnesota. Mrs. Lappala is an unusual speaker. She is one of the most effective woman speakers I have ever heard.

Every summer the Finnish Unitarians on the Range (the common name for this locality) have a summer picnic at some point on Lake Vermilion. This year the event was held on Sunday July 21st at McKinley Park, Lake Vermilion. Early in the season Mrs. Lappala invited me to give the address and I accepted. It was a glorious Sunday. Brilliant sunshine, blue skies and neither too warm or too cold. We arrived at the picnic grounds dock in the "Arden" about 11:00 o'clock and were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Lappala and a committee of the Virginia Church. An hour was spent in greetings and introductions and then the picnic meal. Soon after eating Mrs. Lappala called the gathering to assemble in the beautiful birch grove by the shore of this lovely lake. The large chorus choir rendered several numbers—not a word of which I could understand—but the charm of the international language of music was most clearly understood. Such voices! Not a sheet of music and no instrument! as their voices in one mighty tone of harmony were lifted in that cathedral of the out-of-doors I felt more than ever before that the woods are the finest of churches. After the singing Mrs. Lappala gave an address of welcome in the Finnish language. She then presented me. I did not understand her introduction but I know it must have been

most friendly for I was greeted enthusiastically by the 500 people who were present. Of course, my address was in English and was understood by practically all. Some of the older people do not speak English but all of the younger folk are in our public and high schools. I have never spoken to a more responsive audience. As I outlined the struggle of religious liberal thinking down thru the ages and among all people their faces glowed with understanding.

Following my address Mrs. Lappala, introduced the Finnish Consul, Dr. A. J. Jalkanen, who was leaving the next week for Finland. My interpreter who sat beside during his address told me that—he was bidding them "Good by" and how proud he was to take back with him to Finland such splendid reports of the Finnish people in America. After he concluded the president of the Virginia church spoke briefly and then more music by the chorus. I asked them to sing the Finnish National Anthem which the entire audience did with fine feeling and interpretation. I watched their faces as they sang and occasionally I am sure I could see an upturned face gazing wishfully toward the blue sky. Their eyes did not see the blue, they seemed to be looking thru and beyond. Perhaps they were seeing far away places of sacred memory—away off yonder in the homeland.

As the strains of their own national song died away the conductor gave the signal and the entire assembly sang in English, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." That is their song too, now. A word of appreciation and gratitude by their leader and minister brought the program to a close. I stood for a long time shaking their hands—most of them hardened and calloused with toil. Here is a fine body of religious liberals and loyal people who are helping to make for comity and solidarily in the life of America.

About five o'clock we pulled away from the dock which was filled with people who in the expression of their farewells evidenced appreciation and esteem. I hope I can spend another picnic day with them sometime! Mrs. Lappala attended a service in the Peoples Church of Chicago last winter. I did not know she was there until after the service but when she comes again I am going to invite her to speak for I want my church to hear one of the bravest and most gifted of the liberal religious leaders I know.

Preston Bradley.

THE CHARM THAT LINGERS

By Grace Thayer Bradley.

When the dark days of winter come, the busy days, full of hurry and worry and a good deal of weariness, a quarter of an hour—an hour perhaps, when a turn of conversation—a meeting with a friend, a strain of music, a picture, or the fanciful trick of memory carries one back to some specially pleasant happen-stance of the summer, and for the time being one sees the blue skies, feels the soft air, laughs a care free laugh—and feels refreshed, strengthened by the magic of reminiscence, even though winter skies are grey and work and cares pressing. In this wise do we derive much real benefit and pleasures from vacation days long after they have sped. There is always some outstanding incident that convulses with laughter because of its ludicrous nature, or thrills one even in recalling its beauty.

It is about an occasion of the latter sort I would like to tell you.

The day was ideal, and before breakfast was over the plan was made to go "up the Lake" which means anywhere from ten to thirty miles.

Packing the luncheon kit, fishing tackle and ourselves into the Evinrude boat, we were soon plying rapidly through the slightly ruffled water. There were four in the party whom we will designate as "The Sky Pilot, "The Angler," "Mazie" and myself. (The Sky-Pilot also an Angler of the first water!)

Eventually we reached a picturesque spot known as Norway Point, in Wolf Bay. Prospectors at sometime having camped there, left for future parties a rustic table and quite comfortable seats built of birch. These stand at one side of a clearing which is about a hundred feet in diameter; near the table are some high bushes, young birch and Indian plum trees, and thru these opens a path which winds into dense woods. On the opposite side of the clearing a narrow path leads upward through bushes and brush to slightly higher ground which in fact gives the place its name. Norway Point being a rockbound peninsula with many magnificent virgin pines growing straight and tall, lifting their great fringed boughs to the blue skies of summer and embracing the snow and wind of a hundred anad more winters!

The Sky Pilot landed Mazie, the lunch kit and me at the clearing, then the faithful followers of Izaak Walton pushed off in the boat to fish.

At luncheon time they returned and we all sat down at the table with high spirits and huge appetites.

Mazie had been amused by the antics of some chipmunks which were scampering around, and when she suddenly said in a casual voice "look at that deer,"—we turned our heads to look back of us as her gaze indicated, expecting to see a "chippie" doing something cute which she termed "dear,"—but to our utter amazement we beheld not fifteen feet away the most beautiful doe I have ever seen, having come along the path from the woods, around the bushes noiselessly, not cracking even a leaf. Right out on the edge of the clearing she stood looking at us, her slender neck and shapely head lifted high, her lovely eyes questioning as we silently returned her gaze! She took a few steps forward seeming to want to go down to the water's edge to drink where we had landed. Looking at us again she sensed something unusual in her surroundings and with a graceful, quick movement went back the way she had come, not seeming frightened — merely shy. We were spellbound! In all the years we have spent on this lake in the North Woods and seen deer, bear, moose and wolves, never has a deer come so near to us, always as soon as sighted they leap back into the woods, disappearing like magic!

The Anglers went out again in the boat. Mazie and I seated ourselves in the shade of an enormous pine on the opposite side of the clearing from the table, facing the path where the doe had come and gone. We were prepared to read magiznes or—just enjoy the beauty of the trees—and lake—and sky.

And what rare days these early August days are! There is a quietness—a hushed beauty to mid-summer that imparts an exquisite peace to mind, body and soul! The birds are silent;—the second brood of baby robins have learned to fly, even the song sparrows and warblers seem to be resting in the stillness. The wood thrush that in the early summer twilights thrilled us with his song as clear and tender as notes from a flute, has lapsed into silence. All the young green growing things of June, passed summer's noon-time in July, have become a tangled vigorous mass of bloom, gorgeous in color, heavy laden with honey over

which drowsy bees constantly hover and hum in sweet content. Soon August on the wane will lead into the golden path of Autumn and another summer will have passed!

Mazie and I sat in quiet enjoyment, the leaf shadows danced, and sun sifted through the boughs, showing a blue mosaic of sapphire sky. A hawk "cawed" high in the air—and far away another one answered.

I began to read aloud from a magazine, when Mazie said "look," as she pointed a short distance along the shore, there knee deep in the tall reeds the doe was drinking her fill. Happy that we had seen her again and had something to tell the anglers, we resumed our story. Shortly Mazie touched me softly, "look," she whispered, glancing up I saw the lovely deer in the path, her slender beauty against the background of deep green shadows, dark pines, young birch and hazel bush all around. She was looking straight at us, as though tho wondering if we were rocks she had not noticed before. As we did not move she came out into the clearing obviously interested and inquisitive. Stopping in a patch of clover she laid down and feasted for some time. Looking up she saw that we had changed our seat—the better to watch her. This was too much, her curiosity was aroused beyond restraint. Arising from the clover she slowly walked up a slope to the higher part of the Point, circled around till she reached a clump of bushes directly back of us, turning our heads we could see her watching us through the quivering foliage; as we seemed to be stationery, curiously again urged her on to investigate. Down the narrow path she came, slowly, quietly, hesitating at each step, till not more than six feet from us she stood fully five minutes, her neck stretched toward us, our eyes looking into hers, the most beautiful eyes in all the animal kingdom; her velvety nose aquiver, as she sniffed and sniffed, doubtless wondering what kind of a plant we were! We are sure she would have continued down the path and passed us but at that moment an impish chipmunk in the boughs above us let fall a pine cone almost hitting the deer. Instantly startled she turned around, skirted the bushes, bounded down the other side and in graceful leaps forming half circles she crossed the clearing and into the woods!

Excited and delighted with our experience we called the Sky Pilot and the Angler in to hear about it, not expecting the lovely wild creature would venture back. However, after the anglers landed we sat very still for about a quarter of an hour, and were rewarded by seeing the doe enter the path, stand looking at us a few moments—then as quietly and suddenly disappear into the cool dark woods.

How can men deliberately stalk and kill such beautiful—shy—harmless creatures?

Quickening shadows were bringing out the mellowness of the mid-summer evening. Night voices awakened in the thick woodland. Leaves fluttered, birds called from tree and bush. We were loathe to leave this spot of enchantment! But the sun had long since set and we were a long way from home. As our little boat cut through the water reflecting the rose and violet of the glow still lingering in the sky, we were elated almost beyond speech with the happenings and glory of this August day which will ever live in our memory, losing none of its charm when recalled on many a winter evening.

Isn't wireless wonderful? Think of the jazzbands, the speeches, the poetry, and the thousand and one things you can silence with one little turn of a dial.—Glasgow Eastern Standard.

MEDITATION

By Dr. Preston Bradley, Given in The Peoples Church of Chicago On The Morning The Sermon In This Issue Was Preached.

In unity of common approach and undisturbed vision may we bow our heads in the morning's contemplation.

One with the larger thought of good, our pilgrim feet wet with thy dew, we gather here this morning hour. May the quiet and the stillness of starlit spaces take possession of our tired hearts. May the turmoil and the anguish of life's intensity be quiet for a little while while we seek that which we need most—the contemplative mind.

In the midst of all this sorrow, disappointment, disillusionment, failure, disaster, anxiety, we would strike flint upon eternal foundation; we would open the windows of our hearts and we would open the doors of our minds, and into these hearts and minds of ours we would permit the sunlight and the shadow, the storm and the quiet, the perfume of the Infinite Cosmos, and the stench of struggle and sin, and we would see these things for what they are, and then we would have the power and courage to follow after that which is good, and that which is true, and that which is beautiful.

How we wish today, Infinite Heart, that we could sound the depth of every individual problem or those who are listening in at present. How we would, today, like to speak just the right word so that every heart would say: "He is talking to me! He is talking for me!" Somehow, give us that sense of life's values that will enable us to do that, so that every single life and heart, young, vibrant with youth, pulsating with energy, may find just the power that will be the means of stabilizing and maintaining an equilibrium of energy, that youth can flower and blossom into the maturities of age with true grandeur.

And for age, beautiful age, we would be able today to speak to their hearts—hearts that are living mostly in the yesteryear—but hearts that are always young, if they have love. For help us always to remember that we are no younger and we are no older than our love, and may that be the criterion by which we will approach the fountain of eternal inspiration.

And now, Infinite and Eternal Heart, perhaps, just perhaps, there is some life, someone that is listening, or someone here, that, buried way down deep in the life is some great tragic failure, may we bring it out today, out into the light, and when we have taken it out of their heart, may they face all the future without that thing which is holding them in bondage, and then what a glorious morning it will have been! What care we about the tempest when it is quiet, and the soul is at peace within.

"OUR DUAL PERSONALITY"

A Sermon Delivered By Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Stenographically Reported.

We are in a world of complicated, intricate and delicate problems. All these problems divide themselves most logically into two great divisions: one, a division of their social significance, and the other, a division of their individual importance.

The first is not our concern in the address of the morning. Man has made tremendous and rapid progress in the realm of his social adjustments; the principles and ideals of human society are gradually being solidified into formulas of conduct that are expressive of men's social mindedness. Man has a sense of social values today to a greater extent than ever before in his entire period of self expression.

The social sciences are being very rapidly developed and are being very carefully analysed by a remarkable competency of intellectual character. Man has gone into the realm of the sciences; his biological, chemical and physical knowledge today is greater than ever before and is destined to become increasingly greater.

We do not need to worry about these intimations, our great responsibility at this particular time, and with special reference to the theme which I have in my mind today, is not the problems involved in social construction, or reconstruction, but the problems that are predominantly and pre-eminently problems of the individual, problems of ourselves, of that inner personality which is being constructed out of the materials of inheritance, and under the influences of our environmental contacts.

We have today to do with that aspect of this personality which, in a former sermon was intimated in its entirety, and which today will be dissected into still further units of significance and of evolvement.

The problem of personality involves the entire structure of the individual. You will never completely fathom its significance, or utilize its advantages, until there has been a serious effort to study and harmonize the trinity structure upon which all personality is constructed: the structure of body, the structure of mind, and the structure of spirit. This is he trinity, the tripod, upon which that ultimate realization of spiritual propensity is established in the realm of personality. You cannot, by elimination or defective emphasis, disturb one member of the tripod without unbalancing definitely the entire structure under construction.

Therefore, it is needful, if we are to be adequately prepared to face the complete ensemble of personality, that we should give minute attention to those natural propensities which are themselves at times antagonistic and warring against the complete perfection of the individual.

We begin, primarily, by finding within ourselves the havoc of a dual personality. No man is entirely good, and no man is entirely bad, and no matter how good the good are, and no matter how bad the bad are, this is undeniably true. There is no such thing as a complete goodness and a complete badness operating in the plane of expression that you and I are affiliated with in our present moments of the pilgrimage.

Now, because we are dealing with certain intangible forces, the advance which has been made in the realm of penetration into the constiuency and character of the human mind and all that is involved, has brought us a new science in human behavior,

which has been inspired by observers like Yung and Freud. These have been somewhat rationalized by contemporary scientists in the realm of psychology and been refined and brought down to spiritual conceptions by some of the finest minds that are at work upon the problem of human behavior. All this is to our advantage.

There has crept into our vocabulary in relationship to behavior, a word which represents the crystallization of character and conduct by a great many people, and that word is called "complex." We speak of individuals as having complexes and in this terrific struggle of life—and it is a struggle—when we desire to express our lives in terms of really superlative quality, these complexes, which are just as definite as our eyes and noses, assert themselves into the problem, and they constitute a crystallization of some sort of a predisposition that when we find the good life we frequently find ourselves floundering in the bad life, and that upon a careful analysis we go down underneath the whole structure into the subsoil of consciousness and buried way down deep in that subsoil we find these things that urge and sway and control and dominate and dictate and demoralize. These are the enemies, enemies without our own household. The worst enemies in the world are the enemies within our own household. These interruptions, antagonisms and defeats, these things called complexes, that work so mightily in the consequences of human action, are the things that I choose to call the evidences of our dual personality.

We admit the universality of the situation. All of us have a dual personality. Those dual personalities are not merely gifts from out some inherited past, they are a part of these intricate relationships within ourselves, and they, like everything else, are deeply sensitive to psychological reactions that are the products of our enviornmental conditions, with the result that if you are one who wants to soar to the sublime heights of moral beauty and spiritual excellency, he must give some attention by coming down to the brutality of hard, realistic facts about himself, and by turning the light upon these darkened places of his own inner consciousness, will discover there those factors, those complexes that are all related, of course, with the psychological development of life, but which can be not only controlled, but can be ultimately eradicated, for the basic propensity and dominating motif that exist in the child and are evidenced in the child: fear, rage and love. These are the basic complexes, the emotional reactions, psychological forces that are a part of every individual. As life develops and matures, the individual comes to that position in life where the influence of these three factors—fear, rage and love—are definitely ascertained as the motivating principle upon which he has constructed the whole structure of his personality.

It is always to the student—and I am appealing to that type of mind this morning—that is primarily interested in the penetrative aspect of this problem, and not merely the superficial sophistries of the individual who merely likes the thrill of a sermon and may not care for the sermon this morning, but down underneath the surface where men and women live who think and who are interested in the thought processes, there will be a discovery of great value. The more strength the individual develops, the more acute becomes the dual personality. The strongest man and woman in the world have been those that had to overcome his, or her, warfare of a dual personality.

Probably in the realm of Christian philosophy, the Christian religion has never produced a

greater philosophical thinker than the Jew of Tarsus, who later become Paul, and no man paid more or a greater price for his religious loyality than did this man Paul. And yet, the price he paid—imprisonment, banishment, hatreds, poverty,—all the conceivable things that we associate with failure, this man paid for his philosophy, and yet none of them, my friends, none of them, were commensurate with the price he paid for the conflict which was eternally restless within himself and he reached the highest expression of that conflict when he uttered these words: "The good that I would do, I do not; the evil that I would not do, I do. O! wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from this bond of death!"

That is the whole thing, my friends, in three sentences. This man, Paul, with all his strength, was fighting an inward conflict of a dividing personality, and we all have that to fight—the conflict of divided personality. The more sensitive the individual is to the moral beauties and spiritual integrity, the more loathesome does this dual personality become, until, in the conflict, unless there is moral triumph, there is always mental and physical breakage. Unless you, in the conflict of life, so sensitive to that which you ought to do and that which you ought to be, and you refuse and listen to the voices and to the complexes that are a part of this dividing personality of yours, unless you make the ultimate moral triumph, you will become spiritually and physically ill at ease.

The anguish of the world is the anguish that comes from failing to win over our dual personality. Much of the illness, and the nervous conditions, all of which affect sooner or later vital organs that have to do with the keeping of the life processes in perfect equilibrium; can be explained. I think every scientist would agree with me, that much of the condition of neurasthenia existing today which people have borne and badgered, until there is a complete collapse, is born out of divided interests. For, my friends, the truest sentence I can say to you in the development of personality, and this theme which I have in mind, in this sentence I can say to you in the development of personality, and this theme which I have in mind, in this sentence, and I wish it would burn its way into every heart listening and into every heart in this great audience here today, this truth: That your life was made to be victorious, and you, if you defeat that element of victory in your life, will pay the penalty; that is the exaction of the law of nature.

Therefore, it is not a question of theology; it is not a question of creeds; it is a question of moral and spiritual evolvement to look at life in its terms of perfection and beauty. The greater the character, the greater the area for collapse; the higher the mountain, the greater the view; the higher the life, the greater the fall, and if only we could see the way away from these complexes into a perfect moulding of mental and spiritual and bodily health, we would have the key to the robustness and the beauty and the grandeur of life.

If you have ever stood in Trinity College at Cambridge, you have seen there a statue of Lord Byron. I remember when I was at Cambridge the thing that I wanted to see most of all in old Trinity was this statue, for I remembered many years ago of reading a sermon by Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who told of his visit to Trinity College at Cambridge before he left for London, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon was one of those men who is continually fighting. warring against his complexes. O, how much we owe to the modern science of psychoanaylsis! How much we owe to that group of men who can take you apart and put you together

again like a dollar watch; who can take you and sit down with you across a table and let you begin the story of your life from infancy on, and will be able to definitely trace, in that story, the reasons why you are what you are today and can find in that background you thought was buried and dead, those influences and those forces that are materialistic factors in the development of your personality today. There they are!

Every day of my life people come to me to talk to me about the condition of their lives. Every problem under the sun, money, marriage, love, everything, and before they have spoken ten minutes, if they will let me, I would put my finger on the difficulty, but the trouble is that a great many people in this world do not want to know the truth. They go to a physician and they do not like bitter medicine, irrespective of how good it might be for them. The nervous, tumultuous condition which many people suffer can be traced of this dual personality of their lives that sooner or later has to be decided. Sooner or later every individual in this audience has to decide this issue. You are going to have your judgment day. Don't any one of you think for a minute that you are going to escape a judgment day. One of the truest things in all religion is that every life must face a judgment day, and if you are an atheist, or a rationalist this morning listening to these words and listening with a snicker or sneer, they will come back to you, I have planted them deeply in your subconsciousness, they will come back to you, and they will come back to you on that judgment day. I am not talking about the judgment day of the religions, not at all, I am talking of the judgment day in life for you have to settle this problem.

What a great turmoil we find in some of these great characters! How it must have been a tempest in the life of Peter! Can you think of him? I think of him so much, because he was so strong and I like strength. I like strength, people who are strong. There is something majestic about strength; there is something tragically hopeless about weakness, and I like Peter because he was strong. O, there must be other virtues, but I like Peter, and yet what a tempest in his soul! There he was, saying on that day: "Though all the world deny Thee, I will defend Thee!" And a few hours later, a little maid standing on the portico of the lower floor of the building where his friend was incarcerated, pointing a little finger at Peter, said: "You know him," and this man of great strength who but a moment ago had said he would never deny him, bowed his head and said: "I never knew him." There was strength in dual personality. There was a great strength and the great weakness! The thing that is crashing thru all of our lives, apparent in our modern civilization, our modern efforts. There it was! "When I would do good, evil I did; and the evil that I would not do, that I did." That is tragedy, the deepest, starkest, rawest tragedy I know of, and that it was always followed up by gnawing, gnawing remorse.

I know a man in this city that will never touch the wheel of an automobile. Some years ago, while driving that car, he killed a little child, and he has never taken the wheel of that car, or any other car, because the lingering psychology of that disaster stirred him emotionally to the extent that he cannot drive a car.

I am thinking today of the boy on a hospital bed with his leg charred and gnawed by an accident, twisted and torn until it was amputated, thinking of that group of youngsters in the hilarity of abandonment when life was so rosy, I am thinking of the first thirty seconds before the crash that has brought pain and

hunger and heart sickness to the families of five young people in our city this past week, "When I would do good, evil." O, isn't life a problem? Isn't life a problem? The moral and spiritual individual development toward the beauty of personality is the thing that I am pleading for today.

You have only to stand in the library in Cambridge — you thought I had forgotten that — and the librarian will say to you: "I want you to look at this face of Lord Byron, and you stand and look at the face of Lord Byron. Soul! Beautiful soul, spiritual equilibrium, kinship, kinsman of beauty! When you stand and look into the face of Lord Byron from that angle, you see, what? A god. And then the librarian will say to you: "Come to this side" and you will look at Lord Byron's face again and you will see all the sin that stained his soul there, and you will stand and say: "What a fiend!" That was the struggle of Lord Byron, Robert Burns, Shakespeare, Socrates, Paul! When I stood at their monument at Oxford, I remember what Latimer wrote to Ridley: "Ridley, sometimes I believe nothing," and he dies in flames for what he did believe. And Victor Hugo asked this question of one of his characters: "Do you believe in good?" And this character of Victor Hugo replies: "Yes. No. Sometimes." There you have it, this struggle—Yes. No. Sometimes. That is the age old struggle that we are all making, that we are all in.

Now, this final inspiration to you, to those who know deeply and fundamentally of what I am speaking, let me say this to you, I have such colossal faith in human nature, in spite of all I know about it, to believe that most of us want to do the good most of the time. I do not believe that there is actually, in this audience this morning, large as it is, a real vicious, hating, revengeful heart. I feel that everyone of you want to do good most of the time. I don't think you want to lie about your friends and neighbors — that is not you. I don't think that you want to say unkind, mean little things with your lips, that is not really your best self, is it? Really, now, that is not you, is it? If you cannot say something good about people, it is far better to preserve silence, and I think most of you are really fundamentally good. The thing that is going to keep that good growing in your lives and keep you defeating this viciousness of the other side of this dual personality, is the continual recreation of a perfect ideal.

Find an ideal man. O, but you say, "I cannot find anybody who is an ideal by whom I can always go." Yes, you can. I found him. I found him. I know a man who went through everything you are going through. I know a man that went into a wilderness and so great was his anguish that blood spurted from his temples. I know Him. No matter if you are Jew today, if you are an atheist, orthodox, fundamentalist, modernist—no matter, you recreate in front of your eyes all the time, and every moment, this ideal and see therein perfection. There is ideality at its best, and beauty, and then that moment that you do evil you will stop short, your ideal of perfection will make you realize and revolt against it.

And now, finally, let me suggest, as a way of nourishment in this struggle that we are all making, something that I found in New York. The only hotel in the world that I know where they have one is the Biltmore Hotel in New York City, and if you ever go to the Biltmore Hotel in the City of New York, will you not kindly visit its "Meditation Chapel?" The only hotel in the world with a chapel. And let me say to you that when you go and sit down in this little chapel with its quiet and unbroken silence, its beauty, you could have no external manifestation of any definite kind of religion. There is no cross

in that chapel. The Jew can sit beside the Catholic in that little chapel. Its beautiful altar has upon it only a vase, and in that vase there is always pure white lilies, and you sit in Meditation Chapel and there is the ideal, perfection, whiteness, beauty. O, my friends, my friends, how many tears would stop flowing; how many hearts would stop aching, if we would only spend a little more time in our "Meditation Chapel!"

To everyone there openeth a way, and a way, and a way, and the high soul takes the highway, and the low soul takes the low way, but to everyone there openeth a highway and a low, and everyone decideth which way their soul shall go.

CHURCH NEWS

The Peoples Church of Chicago will begin the 18th year of its history on Sunday morning September 15th at 10:45 in the church edifice on Lawrence Ave., and Sheridan Road. Dr. Preston Bradley the pastor will preach and the Peoples Church Chorus Choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Abernethy will sing. Mr. Walter Flandorf will be at the organ. The subject will be announced in the September number of the Liberal which will be published before the opening of church. The service will be broadcast by Station WCFL, owned and operated by the Chicago Federation of Labor on a wave length of 309-1 meters.

On Sunday evening July 21st Dr. Bradley gave an address on "The Art of Loving the Out-of-doors" before a hundred of the guests of Birch Point Inn, Lake Vermilion, assembled in the lobby of the Inn. A musical program preceeded the address. Several of the guests were regulars attendants and some were redio listeners of the services of the church. The interior of the lobby is in birch logs and the furnishings are of picturesque rustic character which with the large stone fireplace made an excellent setting for this vesper service on the love of nature. Mr. A. C. Anderson, the proprietor of the Inn presided.

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, a former president of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church and now the Vice-President of the church, was elected Vice-President of the Chicago Federation of Women's Clubs at a recent meeting.

Judging by the thoughtful remembrances of letters and post cards which have been received at Arden Lodge Black Duck Island, Lake Vermilion, during the summer, many of our people have had some delightful holiday experiences. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley appreciate very much being remembered in this way.

The editors wish that it might be possible for them to send postal greetings to every friend, member and listener of the church during the vacation time. But this would be a physical impossible. Our people are always on our minds and never a day passes but what we think of our many loyal and dear friends of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hermsdorf, 4511 N. Francisco Ave., have been spending part of the summer visiting friends and relatives in Providence and Jamestown, R. I. They also visited some of the other eastern coast cities. Mr. Hermsdorf is a member of the Board of Trustees and Mrs. Hermsdorf is President of the Woman's Club.

Miss Helen Zoehrn who met with a painful and serious automobile accident early in the summer is gaining in health and strength daily. The broken bones are mending and she hopes to be out on crutches before very long. Miss Zoerhn and her mother have been active members and workers in the church for over fifteen years. Her interest has been in the choir, Uptown Players and the Young Peoples Club. Her many friends will be glad to know of her recuperation.

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Published monthly by The Peoples Church.
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941 Lawrence Ave. Long Beach 6878
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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education, Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

BOOK CHATS

Someone, it appears, has been attempting to create the impression that the publishing firm of E. P. Dutton and Co., is not sincere in its opposition to the books clubs. On the 28th of last November John Macrae Jr., son of the president of the Dutton firm, wrote a letter recommending the Book League of America as a good prospective friend of books. Although this letter was written long before John Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton and Co., took a definite stand against the book clubs, it is being circulated, apparently for the purpose of showing that the firm is flirting with one of the book clubs. The Book League of America has informed Mr. Macrae that it is not using the letter, and the identity of the persons who are circulating it is not known. Mr. John Macrae states emphatically that "E. P. Dutton and Co., is not, under any, circumstances, dealing with any book club, whatsoever."

The new publishing firm of Farrar and Rinehart is letting no grass grow under its feet. Although it was organized no longer ago than June, it has already issued a nattractive announcement of its Fall list. The first publication date is Sept. 3rd when Herbert Gorman's biography of "The Incredible Marquis: Alexandre Dumas" will appear, together with a new book, "The Romantics," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Singermann," a novel, by Myron Brinig, and "The Half-Pint Flask," by Du Bose Heyward. This last is a short story which appeared originally in The Bookman and was afterward included in one of Edward J. O'Brien's collections of "Best Stories." Farrar and Rinehart will bring it out in a regular edition and in a de luxe edition limited to 175 copies. Later in the season this firm will publish "Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman," by Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge, and "The Peerless Leader: William Jennings Bryan," by Paxton Hibben, as well as several other books which promise to be unusually interesting.

Frederick L. Hackenburg, former Assemblyman, has written a book called "A Solitary Parade," which purports to be an inside story of Tammany Hall and also "the story of Hearst that Winkler didn't have." The book will be published soon, probably next month, by the Thistle Press.

Ellen Glasgow lives in a dignified old Georgian house in Richmond, Va., in a section of the city that is now largely given over to business buildings. She complains that she lives among the bootleggers, but the house suits her, and she refuses to move. Her new novel, "They Stooped to Folly," is described as a study of fashions in morals during three eras of human behavior. It will be published Aug. 1st by Doubleday, Doran and Co., and is the August selection of the Literary Guild.

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith deny most emphatically the rumor, which may have originated in their own office, to the effect that the present conflict between Russia and China was started by them for the purpose of advertising Floyd Gibbon's new novel, "The Red Napoleon," which they will publish on Aug. 7th. The fact that the Russian world conqueror in the novel bears the same name as the present Acting Commissar of Foreign Affair of Russia is, so they assure us, merely a coincidence.

Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" has just been awarded the Hawthornden Prize in England. A few months ago it won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize. These are the only two literary prizes offered annually in England, and the only other book that has won

both of them is "Lady Into Fox," by David Garnett, published in 1923. Coward McCann, the American publishers of the Sassoon book, will bring out a de luxe edition in the Fall illustrated in full color by the famous English artist, William Nicholson.

Not long ago Horace Liveright offered to send a free copy of "The Mental Side of Golf," by Charles W. Moore, to any golfer in the United States who made a hole in one. Up to the hour of going to press more than fifty golfers have claimed their books. Of course it's nine of our business, but if we were Mr. Liveright we should investigate carefully before sending out any free copies. Some of those golfers may have misunderstood the term "hole in one." They may have thought it meant to make a hole in one day.

London has a club called "The Younger Brothers," to become a member of which one must be a younger brother of a famous man. One of the members is Frank V. Morley, a younger brother of our own Christopher Morley. That, however, is not his only claim to fame. He, too, is a writer, and his name appears on the Fall list of Harcourt, Brace and Co., as the author of a sea story entitled "East South East."

Winston Churchill, ex-Chancellor of the British Exchequer and author of "The Aftermath," the final volume of his monumental history of the war, "The World Crisis," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is coming to America. He will leave England about the first of August with his family. After his stay in the United States, Mr. Churchill may visit Canada and South America.

Arnold Zweig has notified his American publishers, the Viking Press, of a change in his plans concerning "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." As originally planned, this was to have been the second volume of a trilogy, but the author has decided to expand the work into a tetralogy, with "Sergeant Grischa" as the third volume. The second volume, now nearing completion, will be called "Education Before Verdun," and it will probably be published in English next Spring. The other two volumes are yet to be written.

On July 29th the publishing firm of Harcourt, Brace and Co., celebrated the tenth anniversary of its incorporation. The firm was originally incorporated as Harcourt Brace and Howe, but Mr. Howe soon withdrew to join the staff of Charles Scribner's Sons, and the firm name was changed to its present form. During the ten years of their corporate existence Harcourt, Brace and Co., have published many books to which they are able to point with justifiable pride. Their most successful author is probably Sinclair Lewis, whose "Free Air" was one of the books on their first small list in 1919. In 1920 came "Main Street," which took the country by storm. "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," "Elmer Gantry" and "Dodsworth" have since added to the author's popularity and to the profits of both author and publishers. A few of the other important books published by this firm are "The Brimming Cup," by Dorothy Canfield; "Queen Victoria," by Lytton Strachey; Papini's "Life of Christ," E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India," Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher," Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," Katherine Mayo's "Mother India," Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Praire Years," Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" and W. B. Seabrook's "The Magic Island." Their Fall plans comprise some seventy books, the list being particularly rich in fiction and biography.

In the not so distant future Henry Holt will bring out "Pageant of the Packets," by Garnett Laidlaw Eskew. This is said to

be an intimate picture of that era when the Mississippi was creating the material for such books as "Show Boat." Mr. Eskew was a steamboat man in his time.

In order to avoid confusion with other book clubs of somewhat similar title, the Catholic Book-a-Month Club of Philadelphia has changed its name to the Catholic Booklovers' Guild. The headquarters of the organization are at 1,722 Arch Street, Philadelphia. The current selection of the Guild is "Give Me a Chance," by Will W. Whalen.

The Westgate Press, 100 Sutter Street, San Francisco, has begun the publication of a series known as the Westgate Signed Editions. Each title in the series is a first edition, limited to 500 copies signed by the author. The titles already published are: "American Taste," by Lewis Mumford; "Nearer the Grass Roots," by Sherwood Anderson; and "Winter Wheat," by Wilbur Daniel Steele. "The Gargoyle," a short story by Frank Swinnerton, will appear in September. Other titles to be published soon are "Marriage Today and Tomorrow," by Havelock Ellis, and "An Irritating Archangel," by Thomas Beer. The last-mentioned book is a study of Bronson Alcott.

"I Thought of Daisy," which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish Aug. 16th, is the first novel of Edmund Wilson Jr., who has, however, contributed poetry, critical articles and short stories to the leading magazines. His first collections of poems, "Copper Plates," will be published this Fall, also by Scribner's, and he has in preparation a book of literary criticism which will soon follow.

General John McAuley Palmer, Assistant Chief of Staff of the A. E. F., and author of "Statesmanship or War" (Doubleday, Doran and Co.), is writing a biography of Baron von Steuben, the famous German tactician who was responsible for the training of the American Army during the Revolution.

An interesting bit of literary gossip comes to us from Sweden through the American-Swedish News Exchange, 551 Fifth Ave., New York City. Ten years ago the late famous Swedish painter and etcher Anders Zorn restored and bequeathed to the Swedish Academy, which annually distributes the Nobel Prize in Literature, a quaint, historic tavern dating from about 1650 and situated in the old city of Stockholm. The restaurant, called "The Golden Peace," offers a picturesque aspect with its old subterranean vaults, where food and drink are served by the light of flickering candles; and where often lute singers execute the melodious songs of Carl Michael Bellman, a Swedish poet and singer of the time of Louis XV. Several of Bellman's ditties are said to have been improvised in this very tavern. The proceeds of the restaurant are used to pay the salary of the permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy. Erik Axel Karlfeldt, who is considered to be the foremost poet of modern Sweden.

"Congo Gods," by Otto Lutken, announced for immediate publication by Coward-McCann, is the first novel of a Danish author who, until he was 47, had never written anything but entries in a ship's log and letters home from the ends of the earth. He started out as a soldier of fortune, serving six years as a captain in the Belgian Army in Africa, after which he worked for an American concern in the Congo; he was torpedoed by submarines during the war as he commanded Danish vessels; he was shipwrecked in Iceland; organized the stevedores of Petrograd Harbor for the Soviet; shipped as wireless operator on a transatlantic steamer. When he was 47 his health failed, and he turned in desperation to writing. A short story of his experiences in the Congo was accepted by Politiken,

the leading Copenhagen newspaper. More short stories followed, then a play, "The Grand Duke," and then "Congo Gods."

A two-volume biography of David Lloyd George by J. Hugh Edwards, M. P., is announced for publication in October by J. H. Sears and Co. Former Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes has written an introduction for the work.

Claude McKay writes his publishers, Harper and Bros., that since the publication of "Banjo" even French people come to him for information about Marseilles.

WILD GARDENS

On the ripened grass is a bloomy mist
Of silver and rose and amethyst
Where the long June wave has run.

There are glints of copper and tarnished brass,
And hyacinthine flames that pass
From the green fires of the sun.

This web of a thousand gleams and glows
Was woven patiently out of the snows
And the patient shine and rain.

It was fashioned cunningly day by day
From the silken spear to the pollened spray
With its folded sheaths of grain.

Oh, garden of grasses deep and wild,
So dear to the vagrant and the child
And the singer of an hour.

To the wayworn soul you give your balm,
Your cup of peace, your stringed psalm,
Your grace of bud and flower.
—Ada Foster Murray, in "Flowers of the Grass."

Character is built by what you do and made up of what you are.

On Sunday morning July 14th Dr. Bradley preached the "Out-of-doors Sermon" for the Izaak Walton League Chapter of Chisholm, Minnesota, on the shores of the beautiful lake which is in the heart of the city. The pastor of the M. E. Church assisted in the service. Over 2000 people were present.

Tuesday July 30th Dr. Bradley spoke before the Kiwanis Club of Virginia, Minnesota, in the Presbyterian Church on the subject of "Religion and Business".

The Peoples Church of Chicago is under a heavy expense twelve months in the year. During the period of the vacation the income is necessarily cut down considerably. All of our pledges are made on the yearly basis and it would relieve matters a great deal if all would send their weekly and monthly contributions directly to the treasurer at the church office. The church office remains open during the summer months. All of those who so kindly pledged to the "Summer Fund" will assist the treasurer very much if they will kindly send their contribution at once. By co-operating with us in these matters we are all encouraged and the devitalizing worry concerning money affairs is lessened. We have outstanding accounts that must be met and if all would help the burden would become lighter. Will you not send in your pledges and contributions just the same as though church were in session? A summer donation from those who are not regular contributors or have made no pledge would be appreciated.

The delusive idea that men merely toil and work for the sake of preserving their bodies, and procuring for themselves bread, houses and clothes, is degrading and not to be encouraged. The true origin of man's activity and creativeness lies in his unceasing impulse to embody outside himself the divine and spiritual element within him.—Froebel.

PULPIT MEMORIAL FLOWERS

For the past three years the flowers which have beautified the pulpit platform on Sunday mornings have been given by friends and members of the church as expressions of appreciation or in memory of loved ones. This custom has become a fixed one in the church and will continue this year. From the beginning Mrs. Georgia Russell has been chairman of this committee and has given loyal service. Will those who plan to give flowers for the services this year get in touch with Mrs. Russell? Her address is 5025 Winthrop Ave., and her telephone is Sunnyside 6610.

Everyone interested in the aims and work of the church is invited to make a regular subscription to its support. Such subscriptions may be paid on a weekly, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments system, in accordance with the convenience of each individual. Application for subscription blanks or weekly envelopes may be made in the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours.

A trained kindergarten teacher is employed by the church to look after the children during the time of the church service. Parents are invited to bring their children to the Library Room just east of Channing Hall where the teacher will receive them. The Kindergarten Department is in session from 9:30 to 12:30 every Sunday.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The School of Religious Education meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 in Channing Hall. There are classes for all ages. The curriculum is based upon the needs of students and is prepared with a careful consideration of the latest methods in religious education. There is a faculty meeting once a month in which the work of the school is reported and plans for betterment and advancement considered. New teachers and students are being enrolled and the school is having its best year. Parents are invited to attend the sessions and become familiar with the work which is being done. A Cradle Roll has been started and several names have already been added. Parents are asked to register their children in this department where the child is not old enough to attend the sessions.

The Peoples Church desires to be a serving and helpful church. If you know of any cases of sickness, distress, or trouble where you think the attention of the pastor would help kindly call the church office. All engagements for the naming service, weddings, funerals or any other engagements must be made direct with the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours. It is closed on Saturday at noon. The telephone is Longbeach 6878. Mrs. Harrison, the secretary, will be glad to give information or attend to all engagements.

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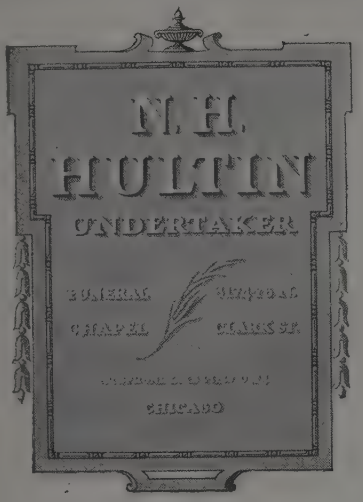

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